

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loee, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell. inuisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this haad, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Ile From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compall?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnies this? Thou feuruy patch: I do beleeue thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue the lye: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I' th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtenils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs beiocond. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sing.

Flout 'em, and court 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em, Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I desie thee; Mercy vpon ys.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Ile is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweeter aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me, Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the storie.

Trin. The found is going away.

Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gen. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir, My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience, Ineedes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest: Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope: Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose That you resolu'd't effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be tonight, For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musicke: and Prospero on the top (inuisible:) *Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gen. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens: what were these?

Seb. A liuing Drolerie: now I will beleeue

That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia* There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeue both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me And Ile befworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye, Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gen. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they beleeue me? If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island) Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of Our humane generation you shall finde Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord, I am not of this isle.

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present; are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing (Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since they haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue sto-

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I: I am not of this isle.

Gen. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneceers, Dew-lapt, like Bulls; whose throats had hanging at 'em Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their Each putter out of sine for Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and Although my last, no matte The best is past: brother: Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter his wings upon the Table Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three me That hath to instrument th

And what is in't: the neuer Hath caus'd to belch vp yo

Where man doth not inhab Being most vnfit to liue: I

And euen with such like va Their proper felues: you fo

Are ministers of Fate, the E Of whom your swords are

Wound the loud windes, o Kill the still cloving waters,

One dowe that's in my plu Are like-inuulnerable: if y

Your swords are now too And will not be vplifted: I

(For that's my businesse to From *Millame* did supplan

Expos'd vnto the Sea (whic Him, and his innocent chil

The Powres, delaying (not Incens'd the Seas, and Shore

Against your peace: Thee They haue bereft; and doe

Lingring perdition (worfe Can be at once) shall step, b

You, and your wayes, whol Which here, in this most de

Vpon your heads, is nothing And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: the shapes againe, and dance carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure o Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a gra

Of my Instruction, hast the In what thou had't to say:

And obseruation strange, m Their feuerall kindes haue d

And these (mine enemies) I In their distractions: they r

And in these fits, I leaue the Yong *Ferdinand* (whom the

And his, and mine lou'd dar *Gen.* I th name of somet

In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous Me thought the billowes sp

The windes did sing it to m (That deepe and dreadful C

The name of *Prospero*: it did Therefore my Sonne i' th O

I'le seeke him deeper, then e And with him there lye mu

Seb. But one feend at a Ile fight their Legions ore.

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